

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
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FORGIVE AND FORGET.



'Tis no trifle that we cherish,
When we find and prove a friend,
One whose fealty will not perish,
Growing stronger to the end.
But should dark clouds overshadow thee,
And old friends grow cold—oh, yet,
Think how happy they once made thee,
Then forgive—but ne'er forget,
Think how happy they once made thee,
Then forgive—but ne'er forget,

Gently, speak in accents tender
Of those friends ye love of yore,
Though perchance they may not render
All the joys they gave before ;
There are few whose lives are blameless,
Who have nothing to regret.
Then let other's faults be nameless,
Or forgive them and forget,
Then let other's faults be nameless,
Or forgive and forget.

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